



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

the remedies are not worse than the disease is, of course, debatable.

After finishing Mr. Weyl's exceedingly clear and interesting analysis of world politics, one may feel that the most important conclusion reached is that no ultimately satisfactory adjustment between industrial nations can be reached upon purely economic principles. After all, the vital question seems to be (in the author's own words): "Will the nations in this generation or in five generations agree to make sacrifices to permit their rivals to live?"

---

ITALY, FRANCE, AND BRITAIN AT WAR. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

The view that the World-War, whatever its proximate economic causes, is essentially an irrational thing, a nightmare troubling the sleep of man's higher nature, the deed of somnambulists who must sooner or later awake—this view is not indeed the exclusive property of Mr. H. G. Wells, but it is one which he has conceived with exceptional clearness. Hope without faith commonly leads not to clearness but to confusion, but Mr. Wells has a faith. Exercising somewhat of the privilege implied in "the will to believe," he has reached a firm and simple conviction regarding the destiny of man. It is in the light of this belief that he interprets the numerous indications of that change which seems to be coming over the spirit of the world's dream. He may be right or wrong; but he is certainly not narrow, and his discussion of human problems is uncommonly free from fumbling or evasiveness. Other things being equal, that man has most insight whose ideal is not simply democracy or the greatest good to the greatest number, but God.

This faith of Mr. Wells's throws a glamour of idealism and of hope over all his analyses of the war phenomena and gives immense suggestiveness to impressions that might easily be construed in quite a commonplace way. Thus, the chapter on "The Passing of the Effigy" embodies something more than the notion, common in America, that monarchical power with all its medieval romance and its medieval trappings is an anachronism: it powerfully conveys the idea that modern life is more deeply and more sincerely democratic than it is itself aware. From General Joffre to the soldier in the trenches whose chief thought is, "Well, it's got to be done," the men whom Mr. Wells saw in his tour of the French and Italian battle-fronts represented, without quite knowing it, the "antithesis of the Effigy."

But there are in Mr. Wells's book plenty of impressions of a less general nature.

Employing those powers of brilliant and logical description which lend so curious a fascination to his scientific romances, the author gives us such pictures of the mountain warfare waged by the Italians

and of the actual conditions of trench fighting in France, as we have had from no other source. The destruction of human life is awful, but nothing else brings home to one the extent of the desolation wrought in the Western fighting zone as does Mr. Wells's account of what has been done to the *land*. "Not only are homes and villages destroyed almost beyond recognition, but the very fields are destroyed. They are wildernesses of shell craters; the old worked soil is buried, and great slabs of crude earth have been flung up over it. No ordinary plough will travel over this frozen sea, let alone that everywhere chunks of timber, horrible tangles of rusting wire, jagged fragments of big shells, and a greater number of unexploded shells . . . are everywhere entangled in the mess. Often this chaos is stained yellow by high explosives, and across it run the twisting trenches and communication trenches eight, ten, or twelve feet deep. These will become water pits and mud pits into which beasts will fall."

It is not Mr. Wells's habit, however, to content himself with the rendering of impressions, nor does he do so in the present instance. His discussion of the methods of warfare now practised in Europe is unusually informing; indeed, the business of making the essential facts picturesquely clear and of giving to the whole subject a kind of philosophic coherence, requires just Mr. Wells's peculiar talent. The author's account of the methodical French manner of air-scouting, his suggestions as to the substitution of aeroplanes for cavalry, his prophecies as to the future use of "tanks" all have a practical and timely interest.

An even more characteristic phase of Mr. Wells's lucidity is seen in his analysis of the grades of modern warfare—the stages, that is, that are defined by the relative strength of offense and defense. But perhaps the most striking lesson that Mr. Wells has drawn from his investigations is the thought that professional militarism is on the decline—nay, is "already as dead as Julius Caesar." What is coming, he thinks, is "not so much the conversion of men into soldiers as the socialization of the economic organization of the country with a view to both national and international necessities."

Interwoven with the discussion of this and similar questions are thoughts about the frame of mind of the people in Italy and France, supplemented by revealing bits of conversation with men of many types. The whole book, indeed, is conversational in tone; and its attractiveness, like that of many of Mr. Wells's books, is due in part to this—or rather, it is due to the sanity that comes of human intercourse combined with the insight that is developed by solitary thinking.

As to the adjustment of international relations that is to come after the war, Mr. Wells favors the complete control of the mechanical means of warfare by the few great industrial nations capable of producing modern war equipment. The League of Peace idea he

regards as hopeful, but he believes that its principles should be extended so as to give to an international tribunal the power to "consider and set aside all tariffs and localized privileges that seem grossly unfair or seriously irritating." Anything short of this, he thinks, would be merely "laying down the sword to take up the cudgel." There should be "a world shipping control, as impartial as the Postal Union."

Mr. Wells begins his discussion of the question, What do people think of the war? with the characteristic query, "Do they really think at all?" But his discussion of the progress of public opinion and of the revival of interest in religion, though searchingly critical, is finally optimistic. The conclusions he reaches upon these basal problems of his theme are not absolute solutions but they are real thoughts—thoughts that he has seen "crystallizing out" of men's minds. The whole discourse, therefore, is not merely speculative, but vital.

---

LOST ENDEAVOR. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

One's first impression of Mr. Masefield's striking romance, *Lost Endeavor*, is likely to be a little disappointing. The story is of the Stevensonian type, and in its opening chapters it shows a degree of careful and conscious artistry that approaches the conventional. The idea of Mr. Masefield as an entirely conventional romancer—as a dealer in mere plausibilities, as a humble follower of Defoe, and as a delighted imitator of eighteenth century narrative style—is, however, amusing rather than distressing. One reads on, not exactly fascinated but hopeful.

One is rewarded. The first part of the narrative, "Charles Harding's Story"—for Mr. Masefield has adopted the Stevensonian device of telling his tale from several different points of view—this first instalment makes, to be sure, a rather faint impression. Charles Harding, a boy in an English private school, is kidnapped, together with one of his teachers, known as "Little Theo," and shipped to Virginia—the time is about 1690—to be sold as a slave. Charles is separated from his friend, but afterwards, escaping from the planter who has bought him, he is captured in the forest by a band of smugglers of whom the leader turns out to be no other than "Little Theo."

So far the story is just an excellent tale of adventure, rather of the juvenile sort, though salted, Stevenson-fashion, with shrewdness in character-drawing and with a dryly amusing realism in the delineation of piratical human nature. The reader's real reward comes later in "Little Theo's Story" and in the resumption of Charles Harding's narrative.